

Quelle
heure
est-il ?



Fault-De Times



Winter
Carnival
Time !

25 & 1 G

VOL. XXXIII — 15

MACDONALD COLLEGE

Friday, February 10, 1961

FOUNDER'S DAY OUR TRIBUTE

Sir William Christopher Macdonald, the founder of our beloved college, was born on February 10, 1831. He was a descendant of the Clanranald Macdonalds, whose estates of Glenaladale and Glenfinnian were located on the shores of Loch Shiel in Scotland. Having left his native Prince Edward Island at the age of 16, after a few unsuccessful ventures, Sir William eventually rose to multimillionaire status. In the words of a former Macdonald professor, "Sir William was the architect of fortune, and had the capacity for building and organizing little short of genius."

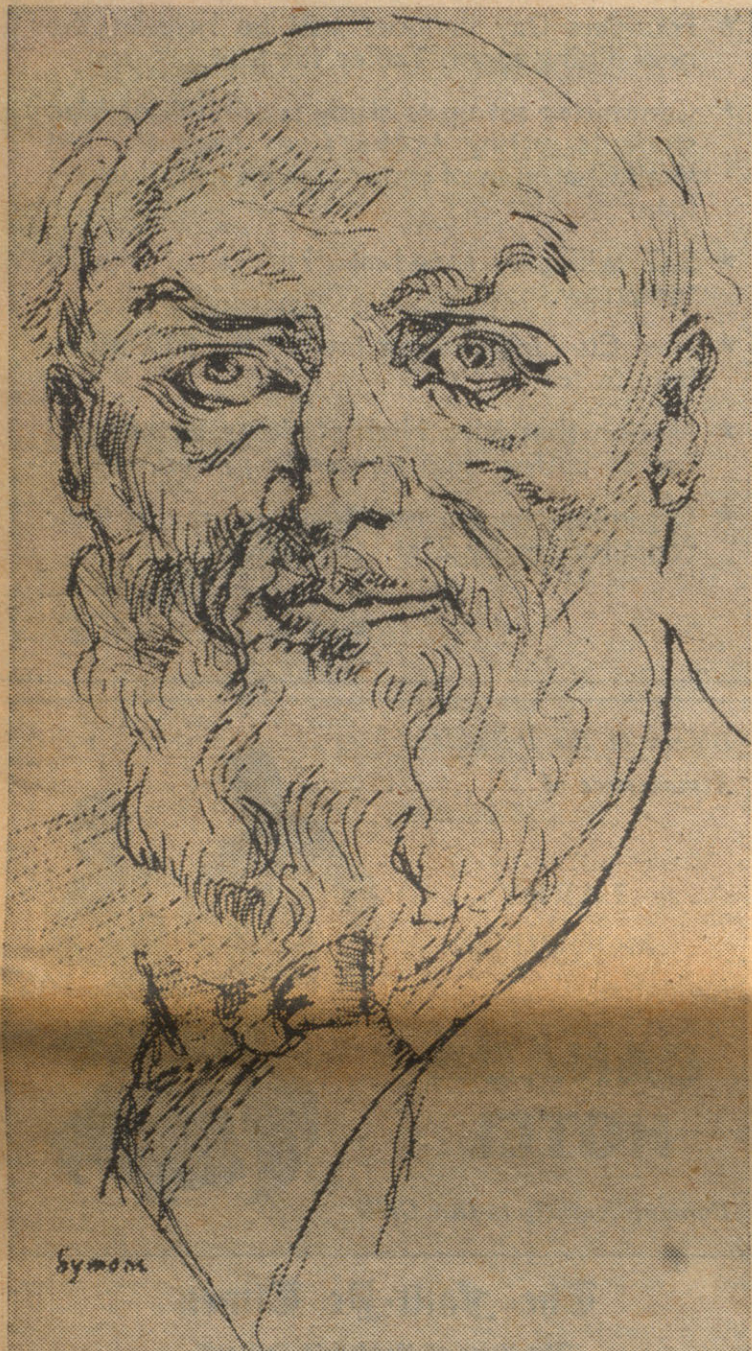
In 1865, after six years in business with his brother in the Macdonald Brothers & Co. Tobacco Manufacturing, our founder established the "W.C. Macdonald Tobacco Co." In 1883, he was elected to the board of Governors of McGill University. His great interest in education stemmed from the fact that his own formal education had been curtailed at an early age, and for years he had seen students passing his home at the corner of McTa-

vish and Sherbrooke Streets on their way to McGill. In 1893, the Macdonald Engineering and Physics buildings were erected, and eight years later he made provisions for the installation of modern equipment and trained, paid teachers at the McGill Normal School. Sir William built the McGill Students Union in 1903. Sir William proposed that training in the fields of agriculture, household science, and education be made available. Consequently the building of Macdonald College, on land owned by Sir William, commenced in 1905. A year later he deeded the property to McGill, "The Royal Institute for the Advancement of Learning". By November, 1907, students were making full use of the Chemistry, Main, and Biology buildings, as well as the two residences, equipped with two gymnasiums and the common dining room. The following year, the Agriculture and Poultry buildings were complete, as well as the High School, which was extended in 1917. Macdonald Park, 25 acres of land worth one million dollars, was given by Sir William to McGill for the construction of the gymnasium, the stadium, and Douglas Hall, in 1911. Three years later, he was elected Chairman of the Board of

Governors and Chancellor of McGill University, occupying this position for four years. In 1917, Sir William Macdonald died, leaving an endowment of four million dollars to Macdonald College.

The death of our founder, however, did not halt philanthropic patronage; the work of this great man was carried on by Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Stewart. Each Founder's Day, through their generosity, we celebrate his birthday with a half-holiday, and conclude with a dinner and concert. On that day also, there is an exhibit of mementos of Sir William's life in the library. Also due to the efforts of the Stewart family, we have our much-loved Stewart Room, the Infirmary, the new dining room, and a long list of other facilities and buildings in good repair that we would have found difficult to obtain without their assistance. Their help over the years for student activities of all sorts is evidence indeed of their continuation of Sir William's intentions and ambitions. Sir William's portrait hangs in the library, while that of his successor and heir, Mr. David Stewart, hangs in the foyer of Stewart Hall.

We dedicate this issue of the Fault-De Times to our Founder, Sir William Macdonald, and to his Successors, the Stewarts.



Sir William C. Macdonald

Jasper on the Loose

The 1961 MacDonald Winter Carnival got off to a whopping start last night with Rink Night. Gord Sinclair, the popular D.J., was M.C., while Jasper the bear provided the humour.

The men's varsity hockey team played against Bishop's while the co-ed team tried their skill against the "Tropical Bombers". The Dips put on hilarious acts as clowns.

In the figure skating line, two groups of our own Mac girls demonstrated their talents before an appreciative audience. The Lachine Figure Skating Club also provided some very well executed numbers on the ice.

Billy Walker, the popular Montreal trumpeter, was on hand to thrill the crowd, while the surprise act of the evening was the Lakeshore Barbershop Quartet.

The Glee Club sang the "Alma Mater" and all our favourite College songs at the opening and closing of the performance. After this, there was a sock-hop in the Women's Gym to warm everyone up.

A drawing was held for an original Jasper Bear cartoon, compliments of Mr. J. Simpkins, cartoonists for MacLean's magazine. The second prize in the drawing was a ticket for the Carnival Ball.

Today, Friday 10, in conjunction with Founder's Day, the Winter Carnival Committee is sponsoring the first Inter-Varsity Woodsman's Competition ever held in Canada. This is to be held at 2:30 P.M. on the Lower Campus with teams from U. of T., University of New Brunswick, and Macdonald competing. Let's all get out and support our teams!

On Friday night, the traditional Founder's Day entertainment will be held.

(Continued on Page 6)

Lumberjacks Vie for Crown

At 2:30 this afternoon on the lower campus, our potential lumbermen will saw and chop in quest of the Intercollegiate Woodsman's Championship.

The twenty-nine visitors consisting of two teams from U. of T., one from Laval, and one from U. of N.B. (not mentioning our own two teams from Mac) will attend the Founder's Day Banquet, and stay over night in Brittain Hall.

The first events will be "Felling and Twitching",

followed by "Chopping and Splitting". There will then be an intermission featuring a one quarter mile Snowshoe Race in which Laval has entered two runners and Toronto, three. The last three events will be Swede-Sawing, Crosscut-Sawing and Pulp Throwing.

Mac's two teams, reputed to be the finest ever, will consist of: MAC I - Don Nickless, Wes Larocque, Don Robinson, Wayne Bogie, Bob Sandford and Jack McAllister; and Mac II - Bob Watson, Bob Cotnam, Charlie Barnes, Mike Kenny, Bob Balcomb and Ken Rose. Good luck, men !



MINE???

EDITORIALS.....COMMENTS

THE RIGHT TO CRITICIZE

Many students in the Institute of Education seem to enjoy criticizing the Institute. These criticisms are, for some reason or another, never made in the open, so that the Institute never has a chance to reply to them. In all fairness to the Institute it must be pointed out that the majority of these criticisms can only be justified by that most ancient of British rights: the Right to Complain. These students only seem interested in criticizing the Institute because it gives them an excuse for opening their big mouths.

However, while the majority of the complaints are unjust, or more politely, based on a lack of personal experience, there are a few which might be considered as having some valid basis. Why then are these justifiable criticisms not made openly? There is no reason whatsoever why students should not present justifiable criticisms to the proper authorities, unless of course they do not know who the proper authorities are. We feel that the Institute, being a training centre for teachers, the bulwark of the free democratic tradition, would welcome suggestions concerning the improvement of certain aspects of the courses. Certainly a student should not have any fear that the Institute will take harsh action against him simply because he exercised his right to criticize. This is Canada, not Soviet Russia or Nazi Germany. Here we have the right to criticize — do we?

DEMOCRACY IN REVERSE

"What did you do last night?" — "I was pooped, so I just had a bottle of beer and watched T.V." — "Good show?" — "Sure it was good. A Western — don't remember the title..."

The conversation took place recently, in a commuter train. The speaker was a successful businessman. Now, there is nothing basically wrong with a relaxed evening in front of the television set, with or without that bottle of beer. But, on the evening in question, at least two professional companies were playing in Montreal. The Royal Ballet was giving superb performance, one of an only too brief three-night stand, and, believe it or not, there had also been a good, thought-provoking drama on T.V. Had the speaker been attending or watching any of these performances, he would have been far less ready to talk about them. But the conventional session in front of the T.V. set, watching a stereotyped show the title of which he didn't even remember (and no wonder) left him safely where he wanted to be classed — a red-blooded he-man, a man of the people, NOT, Heaven forbid, AN EGGHEAD!

This is an attitude which prevails in our world today, though, sheltered as we are at present within the walls of a college, enjoying the rarefied atmosphere of intellectual endeavour and creative thought, we are apt to forget "how the other half lives."

This, however, will be something which we shall face on many occasions and with which we shall have to deal as teachers. We shall encounter youngsters who are taught to discount intellectual achievement in favour of financial gains: "My Dad never even went to High School and he makes good money" or "My brother quit school and he owns a car now." Even harder to combat will be the trend which makes bright students deliberately pretend to be dunces in order not to be dubbed "squares," or quite intelligent adults scoff at the arts for fear of becoming known as "egg-heads" — that ultimate term of present day opprobrium.

Such attitudes, if investigated a little more closely, stem from our century's worship of "democracy." No word in the language has been more grossly misused and misinterpreted. It has be-

come a passport to mediocrity and an excuse for illiteracy. Some educational publications, chiefly originating below the border, term undemocratic any behaviour in which a child shows signs of non-conformity. If a fourteen year old girl prefers reading a book to attending a "sock and sweater hop," then this enormity appears on her report card under the heading of "poor social adjustment."

To be democratic has become synonymous in some minds with the lowering of everybody's standards in order not to offend those who are incapable of raising their own. Even grouping or "streaming" of children according to their learning potential is feared in some cases, because it might appear "undemocratic." The lowest common denominator seems to be the safest one, and this state of mind has borne strange fruit: we see highly intelligent and competent young people, university students of good taste and standing, speak as sloppily as they dress in order to avoid a suspicion of intellectual snobbery. Perhaps even the current beatnik fashions of speech, dress and relaxation have, among other factors, something to do with this great general anxiety to appear as one of the people, the common people. Such thinking rests on a profound misunderstanding. Democracy implies rule by the people, it does not and never has intimated that the least intelligent and least educated should impose their standards on all.

In the near future, the intellectual growth of a number of children will become our responsibility. It is a sobering thought. The dilemma will be placed squarely before us: which is more truly democratic? To emphasize mediocrity and conformity in the classroom, to discourage individual attainment and striving, to nip talent in the bud, because the talented may upset the even tenor of things, and some parents might be offended? Or to throw wide open the doors to achievement and endeavour to all the Johnnies and Giovannis, Maries and Marijkes who fill our classrooms and whose shared birthright is the right to grow and to have a part in their world's culture?

(Continued on Page 3)

MISQUOTED

Dear Sir,

I realize that the sentence, "I was misquoted", is the standard expression used by anyone who feels that a newspaper reporter has misinterpreted, or quoted out of context, statements made in a public speech or announcement. Nevertheless, I feel impelled to use this cliché when I read in the Failt-Ye Times of February 3rd that I "criticized the choice of plays, the co-ordination between the backstage and onstage crew (homework, he called it) and the projection of voice."

To the many people who worked hard in presenting the class plays, such a statement would, if true, produce nothing but discouragement and frustration. In addition, they would feel a natural resentment toward a judge who referred to their efforts in such harsh terms.

May I set the record straight? I stated that considerable attention should be given to selecting a play which would be suitable for an inter-class competition. I further stated that in almost all instances, a good choice had been made. In addition, I commended the participants for the amount of "homework" which had been done. My chief general criticism was directed toward the failure of most amateur players to project their voices in such a manner as to be clearly understood by the audience. This is especially evident in an auditorium such as the college Assembly Hall.

I sincerely trust that all those connected with the play competition will read this letter, and will modify the feelings of discouragement and resentment which the original statement of my comments may have produced. If I may be pardoned for using another trite phrase, my final word to all participants in the play competition is this: "Keep up the good work."

J. E. M. YOUNG.

Eds; Note: Our apologies. We meant "passed criticism on..." denoting constructive advice.

CLASSIFIED AD:

LOST

An aqua-coloured Parker Pen on Thursday, Feb. 3. REWARD. Please leave pen and your name at lost and found, Room 168.

NOTICE

The vending machines located in the basement of the Main Building are NOT operated by the Students' Recreation Centre Committee. Any complaints or requests for refunds should be brought to the attention of the Secretary of Macdonald College.

M. DAVID GUTTMAN,
President,
Student Recreation
Centre Committee.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Defence Minister Harkness attacks "Ban the Bomb" Movement

Dear Sir;

Defence Minister Harkness, recently, in a speech to officers of the Naval Reserve in Ottawa, denounced "Ban the Bomb" movements. He stated, "In my opinion those people who are taking part in 'Ban the Bomb' movements, putting advertisements in newspapers, engaging in marches, wish to undermine the will of the Canadian people to resist aggression and thereby weaken Canadian resistance."

As a result of these remarks a heated debate took place in the Commons where the Defence Minister was asked to resign by several CCF MP's or else repudiate the statements made by him to the Naval reservists.

The CCF members charged that serious contradictions existed in

Council Corner

- ★ Meeting of February 7.
- ★ Founders Day banquet will be held in the new dining room. Tables for four.
- ★ Committee set up to study possibility of Mac students getting books from Redpath. Ted Wall Chairman of committee on Inter-Library loan.
- ★ S.C. will play snowball (?) against alumni tomorrow.
- ★ Mrs. Cunningham has invited the S.C. members to tea.
- ★ Motion that Mac High students be allowed use of coffee shop tomorrow passed.
- ★ Organizations are reminded to revise their constitutions by 21st. (tentative).

Little birdie
(A.E.M. at Red & White)

Dinner in the Delightful
Atmosphere of

LARRY
MOQUIN'S

CANADA
HOTEL

Dancing Nightly in Our Grill



The Failt-Ye Times

"The Voice of Macdonald College"

Published weekly by the Board of Publications, Macdonald College. The opinions expressed herein are those of the Editorial Staff and not necessarily those of the Students' Council.

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Photos

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the Federal Cabinet over nuclear policy and the disarmament question. On the one hand, they pointed out, External Affairs Minister Green has been working toward disarmament. On the other, Mr. Harkness has suggested that the people who work for peace through ban-the-bomb movements are "undermining Canadian resistance."

Since the CUCND is playing a leading role in the "Ban the Bomb" movement, we take the strongest exception to the views expressed by Defence Minister Harkness. The CUCND is most

certainly not "undermining" the Canadian people. On the contrary, the CUCND is absolutely convinced that disarmament and the abolition of nuclear weapons is the only alternative facing Canadians and the whole world if we are not to be destroyed in a nuclear war.

We regard this objective as the most vital facing the Canadian people today. We shall continue to fight for peace and sanity along with CCF MP's and External Affairs Minister Green.

H.M.

On Campus

by Harry Needham,

This past week, two girls were heard complaining about the filthy condition of the wash room in the Rec Centre, as compared to the spotless shape of those in the main building. Other sources reported that this situation had been prevalent for some time. I took this matter up with the stalwart chief of the Rec Centre David (MOOSE to you) Guttman, who replied in no uncertain terms that if the place was filthy, it was as a result of the care taken by the people using it. Apparently, the said spot is swabbed out each night and when the Coff Shop opens at 9 AM, it's perfectly clean. I agree with him in part. But why is it that similar places in the Main Building are always hospital-clean. Granted that the janitors over there have more time to work on them, but that still doesn't explain it to my satisfaction.

Pet Peeve of the Week:

Those no-armed bandits in the basement of the Main Building. I have given each machine a series of exhaustive tests, to the tune of some 75 cents. The only one that worked right was the milk machine, and that only once in three tries. Other people have had the same frustrating experience. Why must these chrome and pastel abominations be allowed to remain on campus, sucking the lifeblood (The old gay green stuff) out of our students. I fully agree with the idea of having such machines but why can't we have ones that work. How did we ever manage to let some company pass off inferior products on us, and when these playthings were found to be worse than useless, why weren't they removed and/or replaced. Complaints don't seem to do much good. What can. How about it, Dale? As president of the council, you should have the answers. The word is that the council tried for years to get the Administration to put such toys in, but to no avail. Now, we've had a big switch. Maybe we were better off before.

Seems like there is a general decline of interest in all campus organizations, right when they should be in full swing. Typical is the case of the Music Appreciation Club. Every year, this organization starts off with a burst of enthusiasm, only to slow down to nothing, short months later. This year, the club started off with some twenty members. Of late, this had declined to six or eight. I feel that the club is serving a much-needed purpose around the college, namely that of supplying classical music of many kinds to those that want it. Pity there aren't more people helping them. Another group is the Curling Club. At the start of the season, we had more than 80 names. In actual fact, there are now something less than twenty that can be counted on to show up for games. This situation, unfortunately, is altogether too typical around this campus. I sometimes wonder, when I see signs on the notice boards wanting volunteers to push beds, etc., how many people will show up. One question I'd like to ask of the CUCND clan—just how many showed up from the college for that vaunted march last Christmas?

From what we hear, the Institute of Education is starting to tighten up on dress regs for Sophs. If regulations are enforced for this group, the wailing is going to be something to hear, especially from the sweater-clad clan, myself included. On second thought, maybe it would help. Sort of get the old neck used to a stiff collar against the time when the wearing of such a collar will be routine.

THE STUDENT

With manners democratic
And visage unphlegmatic,
I'm a pedagogic,
Psychologic,
Undogmatic
Guy.

Dynamically conforming
To situated learning,
I'm an activated,
Motivated,
I.

Gordon CALLAGHAN

COMING EVENTS

February is a month of activity at Macdonald — The Winter Carnival, The Royal, and the Green and Gold. Watch out for the following events:

Fri. Feb. 10 — Founders Day — After Dinner Opera Intervarsity Woodmens Competition.

Sat. Feb. 11 — Sports Day: snow-sculpture judging, curling, basketball, rifle match; Carnival Ball, crowning the Carnival Queen.

Sun. Feb. 12 — Sleigh Ride.

Tues. Feb. 14 — Junior Varsity Hockey — Strathmore at Macdonald.

Wed. Feb. 15 — Music Appreciation. Debate: Agr I vs Teachers III. "Resolved that the younger rather than older politicians will lead the world to peace."

Teachers II vs Agr. IV.

"Resolved that current Canadian unemployment is detrimental to Canadian Agriculture."

Thurs. Feb. 16 — Deadline for Art Exhibition.

Democracy in...

(Continued from Page 2)

Our pupils will often bring from home attitudes and views engendered by the glossy commercialism which hounds our mass communication media. Only in school, only from us will many of them be able to acquire a reverence for quality, a discriminating taste, a respect for the artists and his creation. We might also be able to instill a horror of the cheap, predigested paraphrase which transforms a childhood classic like "National Velvet" into another sickening saccharine television serial, and Wilfrid of Ivanhoe into another Hopalong Cassidy in doublet and armour (of the wrong period, needless to say).

We must always bear in mind that all children, the bright as the average ones, have a right to achieve the maximum which their mental endowment will permit. But let us never forget the famous alpinists' pronouncement: "I want to climb the mountains because they are there."

THINK!

Have you got some good slides, pictures?

ENTER!

The PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION at the Royal.

WIN!

A variety of valuable prizes are available.

All entries must be handed in by Wednesday February 22 to Neil Van der Schans, Hut C19, or John Van Abbema, Brittain Hall.

THAT'S IT
FOR INTER-
CLASS FAILT-
YE'S!

Carnival Princesses



CLARE CONNOR

Faculty — Education — 2nd year, Diploma Course. Considering entering the B.Ed. course at McGill next year.

Birthplace — England. Came to Canada at the age of 5, and has revisited her birthplace since.

High School — Trafalgar.

Sports — Championship Class Hockey Team last year, Class Hockey Team this year. Clare was a member of the Macdonald Synchronized Swimming Team this year. Enjoys swimming and skiing, and at present is learning to play tennis.

Activities — (past and present) Green and Gold last year. This year, Green and Gold Publicity, War Memorial Committee, and Dance Committee. **Hobbies** — Cooking, knitting (poor girl has been knitting a sweater for Martin since last year), sewing; Clare has sewn two dresses, one of which she wore Monday evening when she was nominated princess by the Staff members and their wives.

Quotes — On acting — "A teacher more or less has to be a ham, anyway".

Description — A petite, strawberry blonde with green eyes, fair complexion, Clare possesses charm. The young lady has a great capacity for activity; social or otherwise.



LINDA MARVIN

Faculty — Home Economics — 3rd year. Linda plans to specialize in Dietetics in her fourth and final year.

Birthplace — Regina, Saskatchewan. Lin lived in Winnipeg for some time and moved to Beaconsfield in 1955.

High School — John Rennie.

Sports — Class Sports, ice skating, swimming, and water skiing at the Fish and Game Club to which Linda belongs.

Activities — (past & present) Linda modeled in a fashion show in her first year at Mac. In her second year, she groomed and displayed a cow for the Mac Royal. Last year also saw Linda on the committee for decorations on the Prom. This year, she is co-chairman for the gala event, The Junior Prom.

Hobbies — Since she is in Home Economics, Linda is quite proficient at sewing, knitting (she'll probably start knitting a sweater for Dave Popkin before long by the looks of things), and cooking.

Quotes — How does Eastern Canada compare with Western Canada? "Oh, I love the West!"

Description — A sweet, sandy-haired, quiet-spoken, attractive young lady, Linda has that "something".



BEV OSBORNE

Faculty — B. Ed., first year.

Birthplace — Montreal.

High School — Mt. Royal High.

Sports — Ice skating, tennis, Bev does her swimming and waterskiing on Lake Louisa.

Activities — (past and present) Bev played a prominent role in the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas at Mt. Royal High. In 1959 she was crowned Carnival Queen of Roxboro. In addition to the operettas, this talented girl participated in the Mt. Royal Music Festivals. Closer to home, Bev was one of the members of the cast for the Class Play.

Hobbies — Baking and sewing are Bev's favourite pastimes. On the evening of the nomination of the three princesses, Bev wore a self-made, red woolen sheath. At present, she does not knit. However, it is the opinion of the author that if the right fella came along, she'd learn how to knit in no time.

Quotes — On Mac. "Wonderful! I heard so much about it. It's everything I thought it would be."

Description — A sparkling brown-eyed brunette; among other attributes, Bev exudes maturity and quite confidence.

Student Movements & World Peace

The I.S.O. met Feb. 5 to discuss the topic "How can student movements contribute towards world peace?"

Discussion was under the supervision of the moderator, Dr. R.A. McLeod, and the panelists were Susan Hitchcock, Cameron Mirza, Salim Khan, and André Bertok.

Three main points were brought out in the discussion:

1. Student movements such as the I.S.O. give students the chance to meet and learn about people from other places.
2. This mutual understanding can be carried by the students to their own homes, thus fostering better relationships between the

natives of the countries involved.

3. Panelists all agreed that students at Mac pay far too little attention to such organizations.

The I.S.O. will meet again on Feb. 19 to discuss the Yukon.

When I told him he looked like a fairy he hit me with his purse.

"But Henry, that's not our baby!"

"Shut up! It's a better carriage."

Stop playing with sister or I'll have to close the coffin.

"I just threw mother off the cliff."

"Don't make me smile, my lips are chapped."

Drink your tomato juice before it clots.

VIEWPOINT

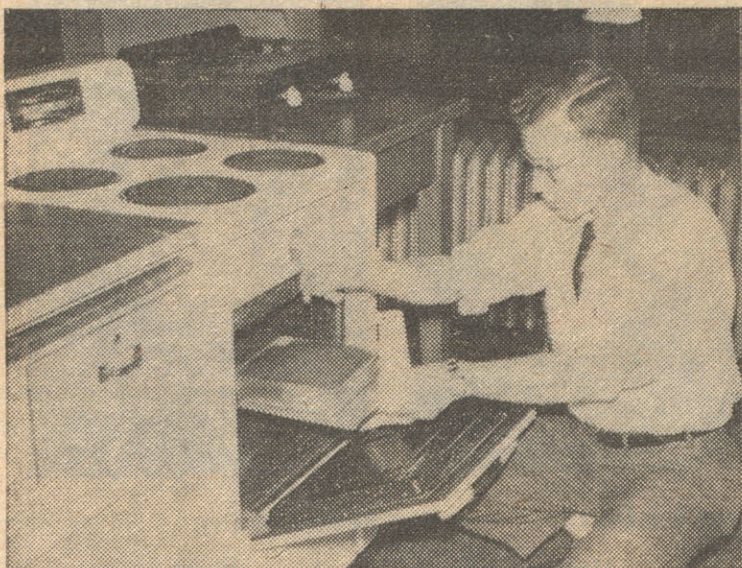
The features department heralds commencement next issue of a five-week series featuring the men most of us know only as administrators and professors. Here is an opportunity for some of them to discuss not only the role of their positions in a changing world, but also their views as the individuals who hold these positions. We may expect material ranging from the platitudes and profound philosophies of Dr. Common to a progress report direct from Professor Hall in Nigeria. We hope Dr. Rowles, Professor Munroe and Dr. Dion will contribute in their own unique manner.

Next week: Dr. Common.

FRANCOEUR & FRÈRES
GROCERIES
BEER & PORTER
31 STE. ANNE STREET

ROYAL BAKING CONTEST

Macdonald's answer to Betty Crocker! But they still can't have it and eat it too!



Last year's winner, Gord Trail, examining the results. Who will it be this year? The competition will be going on for 3 days, February 13th, 14th and 15th, at 6:00 p.m. and 8:00 p.m., each evening.

"GREEN AND GOLD, '61"



At rehearsals — the dancers from the Spanish troupe of Los Politicos.

Announcements

1. Tickets are going on sale for the student body on Wednesday, Feb. 15th. "Los Politicos" shows from the 22nd through to the 25th. Tickets for the performance of the 24th will only be sold from the 20th, this is due to the ROYAL and outside commitments.

2. Any girls who can sew are asked to contact Pat Dahms, Laird Hall, as we need help in making costumes.

3. Rehearsals are going quite well and it looks as if a really tremendous show is in the making.



"I'd rather the human race came to an end than be enslaved..."

ROYAL TRACTOR RODEO



Details for the 1961 Macdonald College Royal Tractor Rodeo are as follows:

| | |
|-----------------------------|---------|
| Agriculture I | 2 reps. |
| Agriculture II | 2 reps. |
| Agriculture III | 2 reps. |
| Agriculture IV | 2 reps. |
| Post Grads. | 1 rep. |
| Phys. Ed. I & II (combined) | 2 reps. |
| Teachers I & II (combined) | 2 reps. |
| Dips I & II (combined) | 2 reps. |

Total 15 reps.

NOTE — No driver may enter from the 3rd or 4th year Agr. Eng. Option.

The classes listed as "combined" above may choose:

- 1) 2 drivers from 1st year
- or 2) 2 drivers from 2nd year
- or 3) 1 driver from each.

Candidates will be given rules and instructions at the start of the event.

GET KEEN!!!

DEBATING

AGGIES II EDGE TEACHER'S I

The debating evening got off to a slow start when the Post-Grads were unable to field a team for their debate against Agriculture III. The audience quickly forgot this, however, when the 'war of words' between Agriculture II (the affirmative) and Teachers I (the negative) got underway, with the controversial topic 'Resolved that Surrender to Russia is preferable to Risking the Destruction of Humanity in Nuclear War'. Rupert James, upholding the affirmative, maintained that surrender would permit closer association between East and West, with learning taking place on both sides.

This view was upheld competently by Ian de la Roche, although at times his facts seemed slightly disjointed or 'hazy'. Susan Hitchcock speaking for the negative side said that we of the West should fortify and magnify our aims and that 'we should strive for peace — a state that does not involve either surrender or destruction'. Eunice Hitchcock, in supporting this view, went even further and said that it might be preferable to die for our beliefs rather than surrender to Russia.

A lively discussion ensued from the rather small audience. The judges' decision was later brought in. There were two judges for the affirmative and two for the negative; total points: affirmative 429; negative 425.

The chairman of the debate then thanked the participants and the judges: Messrs. Jones, A. Godfrey, M. Horowitz, and Bigelow.

It was announced that our debating team at the University of Western Ontario had placed fifth in a field of 16. To gain this position, Carlton Davies and Edet Inwang won 3 to 4 debates and amassed a total of 1738 points.

Thank-you Note to Assisting Teacher

Dear Mr. Harrison:

Having readjusted to my routine at the College, I now have some time to reflect upon my two weeks of practice teaching in your fine school.

It is unfortunate that the lawn outside your classroom window won't grow any grass next summer. It did seem such a convenient place to throw the nitric acid after my chemistry demonstration.

Incidentally, do you think Mr. Polson will really mention my little accident in his principal's report? It

did illustrate a good scientific principle: Don't look for gas leaks with a lighted candle! Besides there is much more ventilation in your room now, without that ceiling. The four kids who were in the room upstairs asked too many questions, anyway.

Thank you for tripping the supervisor as he was leaving my class. I have destroyed his reports, and I'm quite sure he won't recall anything about the whole incident when (if) he recovers at the Neuro.

Sincerely yours,
Ed. Dalys.

DOORS

I approve of doors. To me they are not meant so much to keep me in, but to keep others out. I just can't go on, day in day out, getting along with people. At times I crave for my own company; just me, — nobody else. This may sound selfish — and perhaps it is. But to me doors symbolize man's right to privacy, solitude, and personal freedom. There are times when a person, no matter with his position, personality, or intelligence, needs solitude — complete, uninterrupted solitude. He should have this solitude without question or criticism; he should be able to tell others that he wants to be alone without being thought odd, or worse, in some sort of trouble.

We can't do this sort of thing in our present society without being criticized; we can't close the door in everyone's face without resentment. We are not allowed to shut out the world for awhile, and then return to it, without being classed as a grouch. In high school I had a good friend who was the open, gregarious, friendly type. Every morning he would call for me on the way to school. By and large, I was happy to see him, but there were times when my soul silently screamed out for a quiet, private walk to school. I never said anything, for he would have been very hurt. He did not understand that some people are not like him.

I am the type who can get along with most people most of the time, but I need solitude some of the time. The trouble is that I, and others like me, are not allowed to follow our own lead. This is the age of conformity and communication. Everyone must be available to his fellows, for to be unavailable is to be anti-social, and this is serious indeed. The reason seems to be that when people are by themselves, they tend to think, and when they start to think, they start to question, and when they start to question, they begin to see through many of the taboos that bind society. When people begin to see through society, the established order begins to give way.

The present attitudes on intelligence are revealed daily by the all-too-frequent use of the word "egghead". The present attitudes on privacy are also well demonstrated by split-level living, plate-glass picture windows, and two telephones where one would do.

I like to think; I like others to think. I am not afraid of another's thoughts; others should not be afraid of my thoughts. Doors represent the right to think. That's why I approve of doors.

IT'S NOT TOO LATE

Tickets are still available for the Carnival Fiesta on Saturday

February 11, 1961. Don't miss that chance of a lifetime — Dancing, Dinner and a night to remember — all for only \$3.00 per couple. You'll swing to the rhythm of Billy Walker's golden trumpet in an alluring setting of old Mexico. Avoid bitter disappointment — be there.

Some tickets will be available at the door but don't, buy them today. Don't let those little Mexicans down — the ones on the tickets; they want to be nestled in your coat pocket. It will be a grand, wonderful, and enchanting time so make sure — YOU ARE THERE.

DON'T SIESTA
BE AT THE FIESTA

Warning to Bookworms

by CAROL DAY

Just who is allowed to borrow books from the McGill Library? This question seems to represent the latest beef on the campus regarding reference books. Evidently, several of the professors who lecture to us also inspire the students of McGill, and many of the reference books recommended for our courses are only available in Montreal.

The sorest point revolves about the fact that NOT ALL MAC STUDENTS MAY BORROW FROM MCGILL!!! The privilege is extended only to Masters Agriculture, Ph.D. Agriculture, Masters Education, Post-Grads, and Agricultural students taking courses at McGill. Is this fair??? How are the rest of us expected to reach those levels of we cannot use books supposedly at our disposal??? It is impossible for Mac students to go into Montreal (at \$1.45 return) every time they want to read up on a subject.

Here's a word of advice: if you need a reference book that our library does not have, GO TO YOUR PROFESSOR. See if he can solve your problem first. The word around the office seems to be: "Don't go to the Redpath unless it's absolutely necessary. Your Student's Activity card will only allow you to read the book there, among several hundred other students. The reason given by the authorities is that there are too many students already making use of the Redpath facilities. The books there are for the express use of McGill students. In addition, they do not wish their reserve books taken this far out of town.

Ed. Note: This article was written in order that the student body may realize the situation. Keep in mind that the Student's Council has appointed a committee to investigate the problem.

COMMUTER'S CRY

The consensus of neighbourly opinion was that it couldn't be done. Commute from our neck-of-the-woods to Ste. Anne de Bellevue every day, and in time to attend 8.30 a.m. lectures? Ridiculous! Then there was the other type of comment: the covert and malicious criticism of a mother willing to leave home day after day, attend college and prepare for a career, while her children accumulated assorted neuroses for lack of domestic security. This nearly got me. I began to have visions of three psychiatric "cases", three ruined young lives, three misfits in society, and all due to their mother's misguided ambitions. It took my better and saner half to point out with typical masculine objectivity that: a) the three candidates for the psychiatrist's couch spend their whole day in school anyway, and are unable to return home for lunch, owing to our rural distances; b) that domestic chores could be left safely in the hands of a capable cleaning lady (she's better at it than you anyway); c) that without exception, the most vocal of my critics spent nearly every afternoon at somebody's bridge or teatable, and that including weekends, and finally d) that he refused to cope with a frustrated and deprived mother, once the children have grown up and gone their respective ways. "Get on with it and do something useful" was the terse summing up of the tirade.

Thus fortified, I "got on with it". Moral qualms having been disposed of, there still remained the travelling difficulties. The family car was pressed into action, and this served for a time. Two factors ended that halcyon period of ladylike travelling at convenient hours, from "door to door". My little back-of-the-island route leads across an archaic ferry which operates on a combination of water propulsion and directed by overhead rope. A geometric principle is involved, and it was a wonderful refresher course for me, but alas, winter came, the river froze over and the ferry is now closed till spring is here once more. Besides, my better half took none to kindly to a permanent state

of car deprivation. Public transport remained the only solution of my problem. And so it comes about that 5.30 a.m. sees me walking down an empty darkling village street, bound for the first train of the day. While honest citizens turn over in their warm beds, we walk abroad — the Gazette boy, sundry cats and dogs and myself. The Gazette boy is an old friend, cats I don't mind, but dogs at that unearthly hour are apt to be suspicious of lonely pedestrians and bark most alarmingly.

The early train is or is not heated, usually being extremely warm on mild days and quite icy on cold ones, possibly following some mysterious law of adaption to surrounding conditions. Luckily my sojourn there is short. On a lonely little station I disembark and make a beeline for an open diner, there to while away twenty odd minutes before bus time. The genial warmth inside, hot coffee and Mademoiselle Lisette's sprightly conversation revives one's sinking spirits.

The bus has to be met on a windswept, unsheltered corner. One particular morning remains engraved in my memory. It was early December. A near-gale wind was whipping up solid ropes of rain, and there I was, with one hand clutching two oversize pieces of cardboard needed for a project at school, with the other clinging to an umbrella. The latter at that point merely served a decorative purpose, the wind having transformed it into a graceful, if dripping tulip.

But rain or snow, Old Faithful, the bus appears, a welcome vision of twinkling lights and swishing wheels. Thankfully I settle down in its dark interior. Dawn breaks over the Lake of Two Mountains in a blaze of glorious colour over snow and ice. My time divided between the admiration of nature's wonders and a relaxed doze, and so, refreshed, I arrive before the portals of learning to face another day.

J.K.

Flashback

RULES FOR TEACHERS

1. Teachers each day will fill lamps, clean chimneys, and trim wicks.
2. Each teacher will bring a bucket of water and a scuttle of coal for the day's session.
3. Make your pens carefully. You may whittle nibs to the individual tastes of the pupils.
4. Men teachers may take one evening a week for courting purposes or two evenings if they go to church regularly.
5. After ten hours in school, the teachers should spend the remaining time reading the Bible or other books.
6. Women teachers who marry or engage in unseemly conduct will be dismissed.
7. Every teacher should lay aside from each pay a goodly sum of his earning for his benefit during his declining years so that he will not become a burden on society.
8. Any teacher who smokes, uses liquor in any form, frequents pool or public halls, or gets shaved in a barber shop will give good reason to suspect his worth, intentions, integrity and honesty.
9. The teacher who performs his labours faithfully and without fault for five years will be given an increase of twenty-five cents per week in his pay, providing the Board of Education approves. City, New-York, 1872.

Rotsa Ruck

by THE BIRDWATCHERS

Twinkle, twinkle little star,
Who the heck you think you are,
Up above the world so high?
A swelled head!

Eenie, meenie, miny, mo
Around the coffee shop you go
Making with the A, B, C,
Rating every broad you see.
Need a tape measure?

Letter C is off the list
Not the one you want to kiss.
Letter B is second best—
She's the type you like to test.
Letter A is on the top—
She's the pick of all the crop.
Need a shovel?

Info passion pit you go
Dancink closely toe on toe.
Need a flashlight?

Info T.V. room you run
The movie excuse is better than none.
Making with the whoopee!

Outside locked doors "X" couples stand
With one eye on the minute hand.
This is the way the night ends,
the night ends, the night ends.
This is the way the night ends,
Not with a hit but a Miss!

JOKE

Social fact: The art of making your company feel at home even though you wish they were.

Theorist: A person who does not work but has a lot of ideas he thinks will.

Civil Service: Something you tip a waiter for and don't get.

Jigsaw: A vehicle that's pulled by a Chinese collie.

Human Nature

The old philosopher says, "It seems that most knocking is done by folks who aren't able to ring the bell."

Daffynitions

Detour: Something that lengthens your mileage, diminishes your gas, and strengthens your vocabulary.

Love: A conflict between reflexes and reflections.

Wife: One of the chief obstacles to a happy marriage.

Vanity: Seeing yourself as you would have others see you.

Your Morning Smile

"Nonchalance, my boy, is the gift of looking like an owl when you've behaved like a jackass."

CONCERNED ?

by R. IRVINE

It has been brought to my attention that not only is there a lack of spirit on Campus, but that little is being done to improve the situation. This article is not aimed at any particular persons, clubs, or organizations; it is simply meant to point out a few rather obvious facts. I realize that this "spirit" is something that is under constant attack; this is not an attack.

To take a positive attitude produces a positive result; to take a negative attitude leads to a negative result. What's the use of always playing up the dark side of things? If a particular organization is meeting with difficulty, don't show it's dirty laundry in public! Along the same lines, why should any reporting be dull and drab? It is my opinion that each group should have a publicity agent, or an equivalent official, who is enthusiastic about his position, and that this person should be influential enough to see that only the good points are made important, and that the poor points are really of no consequence. This, it seems to me, is one of the necessary elements of success.

Why is it that we always hear about the failures or shortcomings of the associations? For example: "LIT & DEB. DISSOLVED?", interclass sports "falling off" (male and female), poor showing of varsity teams, and poor organization in general college matters etc.

I think that if some of these so-called supporters do more and talk less, things will improve considerably

FAR FROM HOME

By JIM DARROCH

I had been half way around the world and visited many countries before experiencing the "far from home" feeling. The country that brought on this mixture of nostalgia and homesickness was Turkey. At the time I could not understand why this should be, but in retrospect it seems clear. Turkey was more than a foreign country to me. The other countries I had visited had similar cultures, similar dress or similar social structures to my own, but Turkey had none of these. It was possible in France to hear Beethoven and Bruckner, but the music of Turkey was discordant and dissonant, sounding plaintive and wailing to the western ear.

The popular dress of the Turkish male consisted of baggy seated trousers, a type of turban, a collarless shirt, and occasionally sandals, but for the most part the men went barefoot. Women were a rare sight on the streets, the few that were seen during the day wore yashmaks and the usual "flowing robes" that Hollywood had conditioned

us to, with this exception: the form that filled the flowing robes never at any time resembled Yvonne de Carlo or any of Mr. de Mille's young ladies.

The social structure is very simple. It consists of very rich, poor, and very poor. The word poor in our society probably means "not very well off", in Turkey it has a different meaning. It means abject and miserable poverty, not enough to eat, wearing the same rags day after day and very often no shelter. It would be wrong to say that these poor people have no place to sleep, they have a wealth of doorways and narrow streets.

The mystery of the East alluded to in novels and motion pictures is farcical. There is no more mystery in the East than there is in Piccadilly Circus or Times Square. The citizens of Alexandretta and "Bagdad" on the subway is trying to solve a mystery common to both of them, namely how to keep ahead of the grocer, the butcher and the mortician. The New Yorker is rather more successful in this game than the Turk. Life expectancy for the latter, I believe, is 43.

There is no fluorescent light, stainless steel, or air-conditioning in provincial towns in Turkey. On the one occasion when I did see one of our modern innovations implanted in this ancient environment, it caused as much amazement in me as it did in the natives. I recall seeing a rich Turk driving a late model American car in Alexandretta. This car looked as out of place in the narrow thoroughfare as a camel would in the streets of Montreal.

One day in the bazaar I stood for a long time and watched a man making a pair of shoes. As far as I could see his only tools were a knife, a file, a needle, a ball of wax and some kind of thong for stitching. Probably shoes were made with the same type of tools when the Crusaders fought the Saracens, and perhaps this is the answer to my "far from home" feeling. Not that Turkey is a foreign country, but that Turkey is a foreign age.

NOTICE

The annual Agronomy and Poultry Judging competition is scheduled for Feb. 18th, and will take place in the Agriculture Building, from 1:30 to 3:30 p.m. This competition is open to all students in the college. Further details can be had from Dave Guttman and Joe Ruef.

THANKS
To Those In
19 & 25
Who Helped
On Paper

JASPER...

(Continued from Page 1)

Saturday is Sport's Day. At 10 A.M. — women's intercollegiate basketball in the Stewart Gym — Macdonald vs. Carleton. At 11 A.M., judging of the snow sculptures will take place on the Lower Campus. The intercollegiate rifle match between C. M.R. and Mac begins at 2 P.M. at the rifle range situated in the basement of the Chemistry Building. Simultaneously, an intercollegiate curling bonspiel will be held at Glenfinnian rink between Sir George, Loyola, and Mac. There is also a "Snow Bowl" football game on the Oval featuring Student's Council vs. Staff Members and Alumni.

At 7 P.M. on Saturday the W.A.A. is sponsoring a basketball game — Mac vs. U.N.B. in the women's gym.

At 8 P.M., the big event of the day takes place, namely, Carnival Fiesta. The Queen will be crowned at 9 P.M. Candidates for Carnival Queen are Clare Connor — 2nd year teaching; Bev Osborne — 1st year teaching; and Linda Marvin — 3rd year household science.

Sunday features a "convalescent" sleigh ride leaving Laird Hall at 2 P.M. The Morgan Arboretum is the destination, and refreshments will be sold in the Sugar Shack.

Let's see everyone participating in the Winter Carnival this week-end! It's the biggest and best yet. Proceeds are going to charitable organizations, so everyone turn out and support your team!

Food for Thought

By CLAUDE LUC

In this day and age of conflict with fatal results, why do people still emphasize the minute racial differences of human beings, and why do they ask for reverence on the claim of a "democratic", "superior" race? Such unfortunate beliefs are closely related to racial discrimination and some times more closely with religious ideals.

What has caused large conflicts from the beginning of the world? What else but this pride in racial — not individual — differences? Individual differences have for a long time been accepted as fact. There was a time when man-to-man conflict arose, either by pride of racial or individual differences. Do modern methods of warfare permit this fanatical and unfounded sense of pride? Why stress the minute differences of each race when we have so much in common and can learn so much from each other? Why try to cause a war where any human being, no matter how strong and distinguished his ethnic group or what religion he upholds, is bound to be completely destroyed — possibly by his own race?

I sincerely hope that in Macdonald College, as in any other educational institution, we may judge the good and bad in each individual, but that we may never judge his race in its place. Heredity and environment might be the cause of a man's colour, but he is a human being as much as anyone else. Let us never forget this, or else inevitable doom awaits our modern generation.

"NOTHING"

No sound, no sight,
No touch, no feeling;
Emptiness stretching
Onward into more
Emptiness.

No words, no music,
No happy laughter;
No life, no love —
Nothing.

Terry TAIT



Carnival Belles at Work

THE BULLFROG

by GORDON CALLAHAN

An aeon and a half ago, before time became a commodity and in a land now long forgotten, there grew a timeless ginkgo tree. Beneath its ancient and twisted limbs there appeared, sitting cross-legged in solitary splendour, a great bullfrog.

All the animals of this ageless land gathered to marvel that a living creature could sit in such a way and not become cramped. Their wonder further grew when they saw how long he could sit in silence. Their awe knew no limits when the great bullfrog finally spoke. Who else, before he uttered a sound, had such magnificent swellings of the neck, chest, belly, and nether regions? Whose voice could match the bullfrog's for depth, timbre, sonority and such all-fired, simon-pure, foursquare, red, white, and blue profundity? The elephant, who was seven hundred and seventy-seven thousand times larger than the bullfrog, could not lay claim to such splendid tones.

All the animals of the known world now proclaimed the bullfrog to be their newfound GOD. The bullfrog, for some reason or other, had taken to making so many pronouncements that he hardly ever shut up. A ginkgo fruit, transported by ecstasy or perhaps just being over-ripe, let loose his hold from his limb fell — whacking the frog just above his snout. The air went out of the bullfrog in a manner that can best be described as indelicate. An owl hooted, a donkey brayed, a cat-bird catcalled, a woodchuck chuckled and a snail was heard to say that even he could have dodged that one.

The bullfrog dragged himself off to a convenient swamp to ponder the ways of the ginkgo and gravity.

MORAL: The voice of the bullfrog is still to be heard in the swamp, but it is more apt to be the hyena you hear in the land.

In The Coffee Shop

by Gladys Holtzman

She wasn't subtle. Her hips declared that she had a better swing than I had in my back yard. Miss Clairol had bungled its advertisement scheme, for the vermilion strands which flopped over the teen's eyes verified "she does". Pepsodent had done its job, too. There was no wondering about it. A Rothmans King Size, hanging from her applied Hi-fi mouth, oozed the blue smoke around the individualist's mauve uniform of tights and sweater. Her nine nails gleamed the loss of her nervous habit, but the glue on the fourth, square finger, left hand, had dried up in the shape of a question mark. Even her soul was her own. I over-heard her say so.

GIRLS INTERCLASS HOCKEY SCHEDULE

TUESDAY, February 14th
6:00 p.m. — 2P vs 2BD, 2K
6:30 p.m. — B.Sc. I & II vs F2
WEDNESDAY, February 15th
6:00 p.m. — FP vs B.Sc. III & IV
6:30 p.m. — F1 vs 2BD, 2K
THURSDAY, February 16th
6:00 p.m. — B.Sc. I & II vs 2S, 1G
6:30 p.m. — 2P vs B.Sc. III & F
FRIDAY, February 17th
6:00 p.m. — F2 vs 3B, A, C
6:30 p.m. — FP vs F1

Sports Flash

Wednesday night saw the Redmen of McGill clobber Mac in a fast moving basketball game played here in the Stewart Gym. The Redmen deserve credit for their smooth ball handling, and especially for their fast and accurate passing. Sloppy play at times on Mac's part, combined with McGill's close checking, brought about their downfall.

The first half ended with the Redmen holding a commanding lead of 48-24. Throughout the second half McGill maintained a 20 pt. lead which proved to be too much for Mac to overcome. The final score was 83-58 in favour of McGill.

Due to the fast pace of the game, two Aggies and one Redman fouled out. The two outstanding players on the floor were Mac's Art Gauley with 21 points, and McGill's Horeck with 32 points.



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FEELING

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Original Dizzy Dame



Time On Our Hands?

by Mr. Gary HALL

According to our calendar, first conceived by the Romans, Christ was born in '4 B.C. The present year is therefore 1965, not 1961. What does this difference mean to us? Quite, right! Not a darn thing! This revelation affects our society not a whit. Very sensible, what? What about other dates in history, though? What about the Battle of Hastings, or Columbus' discovery of America? Would history be the worse if they had happened in, say, 1065 and 1491; or 1067 and 1493? Again, the answer is no. The numbering system for our calendar is quite artificial. Yet, I have met history teachers who insist that pupils memorize every date in the book, and Lord help those who don't!

These narrow-minded pedants (they can look into the neck of a medicine bottle with both eyes at once) are helping to breed our present crop of time conscious students who later degenerate into clock watchers; although the labour unions have done most of the damage in this respect. People studying in the library have been observed to read in short bursts, punctuated by frequent checks with the clock. This alternating back and forth from the book to the clock will go on for a whole morning. Between breakfast and the first lecture, possibly 10 minutes, some characters glance at their watches a dozen times or more. How often do you check the time without there being any dire emergency? Check up on yourself. You'll be surprised with the result. We all do it to varying degrees.

We have become so time-conscious, we can't do anything without looking at the time. As I said above, our system of calendar time is highly artificial. The same can be said about clock time. My watch reads 9:39 a.m.; the library clock reads 9:41 a.m. Which is right? What's more, who cares?

We get up by the clock; we eat by the clock; and we go to bed by the clock. These facts, and dozens more like them, don't require the strict timing of a horse race. Yet, to many people, 9:30 p.m. seems to be too early to go to bed, even if they are dead tired. They don't feel right unless they stay up later so they can go to bed at a "respectable" hour. Radio stations, (at least in Montreal) spend Goodness knows how much of their programming time just announcing the time. Any fool listening in can tell the time for himself, but time-checking seems to have become an honourable form of public service. Thank God the FM stations haven't caught the disease yet!

One of the reasons that lectures at this or any other college are at such a low standard of quality is that the poor lecturer is bound by the clock and bell. If he dares attempt to elaborate on a topic after the bell has rung, he is subjected to the wrath of his audience and also the rude interruptions of students outside waiting to use the room for the next class. They can't seem to figure out that a lecturer might have something more to say than just what he can cram in between the bells. School isn't the only place that otherwise normal people blindly obey a set of gears without question. Offices, factories, and even households are all subject to the same subservience. Much of the indolence of labourers is due to the hourly wage which is paid regardless of how much work is done. They are being paid, so the story goes, for being "on duty."

If clocks had lives, I think they would feel very superior. They started out as mere mechanical devices made by man for man, but now they lead man around by the nose. Quite a change!

Despite all the foregoing, I do not advocate the disposal of time-pieces; merely that we should relegate them to their

Slay Ride

By 8:15 P.M. all the 2S sleigh ride enthusiasts our spirited class could muster were assembled under the clock. As expected the evening of February 3rd was relentlessly cold, so that even after the preliminary jog around the oval to the strains of "Alouette", there was a general constriction toward the centre of the sleigh. Bereft of MacDonald's hallowed walls, the wagon made its way along snowy lanes, while its riders hopped on and off to prevent that Arctic rigormortis from setting in.

A pleasant temperature change met us inside the Ste Anne's Armory where music, dancing and smoke ensued. The cha-cha, though not unanimously appreciated, seemed to win over the usual bee-bop of college hops.

Later on Professor Young and his wife joined in conversation and dancing. By 12 P.M. the group began to diminish, as the party wended its way back to Mac in strawcovered bundles of two.

Noelle TOBIASH,
2S.

The events herein were drawn from the experiences of those involved in:

PRACTICE TEACHING

It is a bright, crisp, Monday morning and you are seated directly under the Canadian flag in a classroom. The teacher says "Boys and girls, this lady is going to be visiting us for two weeks. Her name is Miss Kinkaid. Will you say good morning to our guest." Scuffle of seats, thirty-five voices chorus in monotone "Good morning Miss-us Kinkaid." And you're off to a racy two weeks.

Day one. You observe, trying to look alert, a little mean, a little friendly. You grin foolishly at any little face crossing your line of vision, fervently hoping that this little being will be on your side. Day ends. "Good af-ter-noon Miss-us Kinkaid."

Day two. Having some difficulty focusing your eyes - up 'til two A.M. with first lesson plans, up at six to get the bus. Must teach arithmetic. Knees knocking, teeth chattering, drained of all self-confidence and seriously contemplating hiding under the teacher's desk. "Everyone up straight, we're going to learn something important." Door opens, heart jumps, eyes see red, black, legs rubber-inspector for first lesson? No, merely a milk monitor. Lean against blackboard in relief. Pocket chart - bundles of tens and ones. Ones red, tens gray-all end up in wrong pockets. Fold pocket chart and throw it in the basket. Teach remainder of lesson with chalk and blackboard.

Day three. Seeing the world through eyeglasses. Ask leading question during oral poetry lesson. Silently bless the lone hand up to answer. — "May I please go to the washroom, Missus Kinkaid?"

proper role. They are very important, but their importance has been vastly overemphasized. In our complex civilization, they are vital to the smooth functioning of much that we need. They synchronize the many facets of our lives into a definite pattern. However, they should be kept our servants, not be allowed to become our masters.

EVALUATION

I often wonder why we're here

Allowed to wander and to cheer

Or sadden thoughts of all mankind

With Man's best weapon — mind.

Are not the beasts so quickly dying

A sample of Man's wretched spying?

Who says in thought that we advance

When War is Play, and Death is Chance?

Yet Nature's with us, when Noose is right

The Ice and Cold will change our plight,

And newer generations rise To fight again for the Holy Prize.

The Prize? Not peace, be sure. For peace is warm, and peace secure

Makes Man uneasy, man sedate;

He need not search, for food's on plate.

I often wonder why we're here

Amid the noise, amid applause.

Bill Diachun.

Theatre Review

Start Winter Carnival Week off by taking "her" to the cinema; to THE APARTMENT, on Wednesday night. The content of the movie will make you forget the hard backed seats. The combination of Jack Lemmon, Shirley Maclaine and Fred McMurray continually sees the humorous side of life. Jack Lemmon provides the watcher with hilarious antics typical of some of his former performances. All roads lead to the Rex Theatre, in Ste. Annes, on Wednesday night, February 8th. If unable to make it, there is a second chance on February 9th, 10th or 11th.

For the interest of all second year students, "Death of a Salesman," by Arthur Miller, is playing at the Playhouse on the Mountain, opening February 9th. Prices range from \$2.00 to \$3.50 per ticket. (This will save reading the play, although in our English course, this play has achieved acclaim as one of the better plays of this century.)

Day four. "Bonjour la classe." "Bonjour madame Kinkaid." — Your big chance — explain that it's Mademoiselle Kinkaid. Lesson ends. (You taught "la vache" while pointing to a picture of "le cheval". "Bonjour Madame Kinkaid.")

Day five. Art lesson. Children discuss, imagine, whole atmosphere very creative. Ideas flow. Theme: Night. Distribute materials with minimum of spilled water, paint. Everybody working well, especially David B. Tip-toe to peek at David's attempt — his page is black, but his palate, teeth and tongue glisten ebony black. This is the clincher!

Week two is lovely. Somehow things go much more smoothly, and you feel very happy in your chosen profession.



A Tribute to our Hostess

Paddy Springate, a beautiful and versatile demoiselle, is one of the most well-known and popular students here at MacDonald College. During the past three years she has been winning awards and gaining many friends and fans through the media of radio and television.

Her warm and sincere personality almost inevitably leads her to popularity among her schoolmates and to success. The first time Paddy showed her ability to appear before the public was in grades 8 and 9, when she won her high school's public speaking contest. In 1958 she was chosen by the students of Rosemount High School to represent them in the "Miss Club 800" Contest, sponsored by radio station C.J.A.D. As winner over the representatives of all the English high schools of Montreal, Paddy was named "Miss Club 800", and she served as a disc jockey, helping out Mike Stevens on Club 800 for a full year.

The next year, Paddy and her family moved to Quebec City. Again she entered a contest, this time for the Teen Queen of Quebec City. Each week six contestants appeared on a programme called "Dateline Quebec". From the six girls each week, one semi-finalist was chosen, and one Saturday all the semi-finalists (which included Paddy) were interviewed. Three finalists were chosen from these, but of the three, the judges thought Paddy was the most suitable, because of her poise, appearance, and personality, to be the hostess of the teenage program. As Teen Queen, Paddy won a trip to New York, luggage, a wardrobe, and numerous other awards. The same year, while attending Quebec High School, she also displayed her dramatic and singing ability by taking the lead role of Nellie Forbush in the school's production of SOUTH PACIFIC. Paddy has also made various personal appearances and has been a guest on TABLOID a few times.

While acting as hostess on TEEN CLUB in Quebec City, Paddy was spotted by some talent scouts for C.B.M.T., channel 6. They were planning a program for a senior high school and college audience, and, as most of you know by now, it was called YOUTH SPECIAL. After watching her last Saturday at 2:00 p.m., I'm certain that she'll bring a great deal of enjoyment to anyone who watches the show.

Unaffected by all the publicity coming her way, Paddy is still her own charming self here at college. She still maintains a high academic standing while appearing on television and taking part in numerous activities such as the S.T.S., the Drama Club, and sports.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS



Really dah-ling — no one's going to be mad enough to start an H-bomb war...

Mac Routed Twice 9-4, 14-1

Last Friday, Mac played most to Middlebury College of Vermont. Sparked by their All-American Phil Latreille, Middlebury took the measure of Mac by the score of 9-4. Those who missed the game failed to see the most exciting game, from a spectators point of view, yet this season. After trailing early in the game Mac came storming back to take a 4-3 lead on goals by Abbott with two and singletons to Carr and Coleman. Middlebury untracked themselves and fired six unanswered goals, two near the end of the second period and four in the third. Latreille almost single handedly beat Mac scoring five of his teams nine goals. He is a strong, unfanciful player with tremendous confidence and when the opportunity presents itself he never fails to take full advantage of the situation. Although beaten 9-4, the star of the game was none other than our goalkeeper Armstrong. Playing one of his best games he came up with many spectacular saves and certainly kept the score from reaching double figures. Our downfall came as a result of poor defensive play, as time and again Armstrong was left alone and, at least, three of the goals resulted from breakaways. It was a fast hard hitting affair and our boys played well enough to win most games, but we were beaten by a team which played just a little better. All in all it was an exciting game and the spectators had plenty to cheer about.

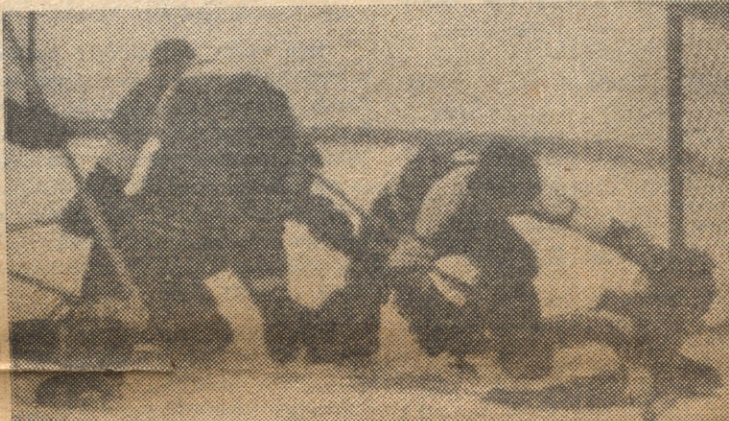
On Saturday Mac travelled to C.M.R. and were swamped 14-1. The first period started

out well, but once C.M.R. hit the scoresheet Mac seemed to become entirely disorganized. From then on nothing seemed to go right and the whole team played poorly.

Armstrong, although scored on fourteen times played a steady game and handled 84 shots. I understand that coach Pugh has had private talks with each player. The officiating was the best so far this season. Mac's only goal was scored by Coleman.

A swimming meet was held at C.M.R. on Saturday with U.N.B. emerging as the winners. C.M.R., Loyola and Mac comprised the remaining teams. Mac was led by Eagle Markies who placed first in the breast stroke. Mac finished third behind C.M.R.

The Jr. Varsity squad played Pointe Claire during the week losing by the score of 4-2. The stars for Mac were Doug "Sparky" Carr and Bob "Fits" Balcomb. Scorers for Mac were Dave Fisher and Brian Wilson.



The college staff went down to defeat at the hands of their students in a friendly badminton tournament. Our fellow students won 10-6. The rumour going around is that the staff's best players were missing, of course, the rumour originated from the staff room. Upon hearing the rumour, the students decided to dedicate the following song to the staff — "Dearie, you're much older than I."

All those interested in inter-class badminton see your Sports Representatives for further details.

A glance at the standings indicates the closeness of competition between the classes: unfortunately, both hockey and basketball games are being watched only by players and officials. Inter-class rivalry seems to be dying here at Mac, and games in both sports are being defaulted because classes are unable to field teams.

At present home teams must furnish referees, timekeepers, and scorers, and in most cases this proves to be too much. Perhaps the solution would be to pay the referees and fine defaulting teams: say a two-dollar referee fee and a five-dollar fine.

What about class spirit? We all pay athletic fees but very few take advantage of the facilities. Why not get your money's worth? Inter-class rivalry, in both participation and cheering, is at its Queens registered one goal

SPOTLIGHTING Women's Sports

by Joan CHALONER

INTERCOLLEGIATE HOCKEY

The girls' hockey team "took a railroad trip down to Kingston town" last Friday, Feb. 4, and defeated the Queen's team to the tune of 3 — 1 in a fast-moving and exciting game. We are sad to say that one of the Queens' players put Diane Farley, our right wing, in stitches — eleven of them.

In the first minute of play, Trinkie Hooker, assisted by Jane Rodger, slyly slipped the puck into the Queens' net. The second period was highlighted by a goal scored by our star player, Karen McCartney, assisted by P.J. Clements. A penalty for hooking was awarded to P.J. (Shame!).

and play Marionapolis on Carnival Weekend. Let's have another win, girls!

INTERCLASS BADMINTON

A sport that has been going on for quite a while is almost at a close. Ann Wilson and Karen Lanthier captured the badminton doubles championship by defeating Judy Irwin and Barb Maxwell. The singles have not yet been completed.

INTERCLASS HOCKEY

Hockey begins this week with practices on Monday and Tuesday for all classes. It's great fun, so let's see all you potential "Richards" out there.

Don't forget to support your team. There is a lot to see, and the spirit makes all the difference.

INTERCLASS VOLLEYBALL

Interclass volleyball finals were played this week. Teams to reach the semi-finals were: FP1, BSc III, FP2, and 2P. After a fighting battle to the end, 2P came out on top. Congratulations 2-P. A special thanks to all those who willingly gave their time to referee the games.

An. Hus. Judging

On February 4, 1961, the annual judging competition sponsored by the Animal Husbandry Club was held. Several students took part in this competition and the results are as follows:

| | Points |
|----------------------------|--------|
| Ken Kilgour, Dip. 1 | 278 |
| Graham Reid, Agr. III | 277 |
| Bill McNeil, Agr. III | 257 |
| George Montgomery, Agr. II | 246 |
| Ian Munroe | 243 |
| G. Skillen | 238 |
| Bill Dryer | 235 |
| Doug Lisle | 234 |
| Doug McDonnell | 232 |
| Mike Kenny | 226 |
| Grant Ketcheson | 223 |
| Mike Elliot | 222 |
| Lyall MacLachlan | 217 |
| Hugh Young | 208 |
| Don Martin | 202 |
| George Coulson | 195 |
| J. Homer | 194 |
| Louis Bernard | 192 |

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in the third period, while Karen McCartney tallied the third goal for Mac.

All the girls are commended for their excellent team play. Thanks ring out to Miss Walker who accompanied us, Faye MacDonald, our manager, the U. of T. swim team for the entertainment they provided, on our trip home, and Queens' University for being such wonderful hosts.

INTERCOLLEGIATE VOLLEYBALL

A round robin volleyball tournament was held in the Macgym on Feb. 4 between Macdonald, John Rennie, and Carleton. Sue Macdonald was a standout for the Mac team our Girls managed to place second in the close tournament. John Rennie won the tournament and Carleton was third.

INTERCOLLEGIATE BASKETBALL

A mediocre crowd watched the Women's Senior Basketball team bow out to the visiting McGill Whites 48-25, last week. Two big games are in store for the Carnival Weekend when Mac plays Carleton and the "Red Bloomers" from U.N.B.

The Junior team defeated Outremont here on Saturday in a hard-hitting game

lowest. Couldn't the males of the class turn up at women's sports and the women at men's games to cheer their class teams? How about it, everybody?

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